



OWEN of CARRON

a
Poem

BY

D.^R LANGHORNE

—*Quis talia fando
Temperet a lacrymis.*

Virg,

Dublin
Printed for C. Jackson

1780



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
COUNTESS OF MOIRA,
AS A PATRONESS ON WHOM
THE
CELEBRATED AND INGENIOUS *LANGHORNE*,
WOULD, MOST PROBABLY,
HAVE FIXED HIS CHOICE.

THIS *IRISH* EDITION
OF
OWEN OF CARRON,

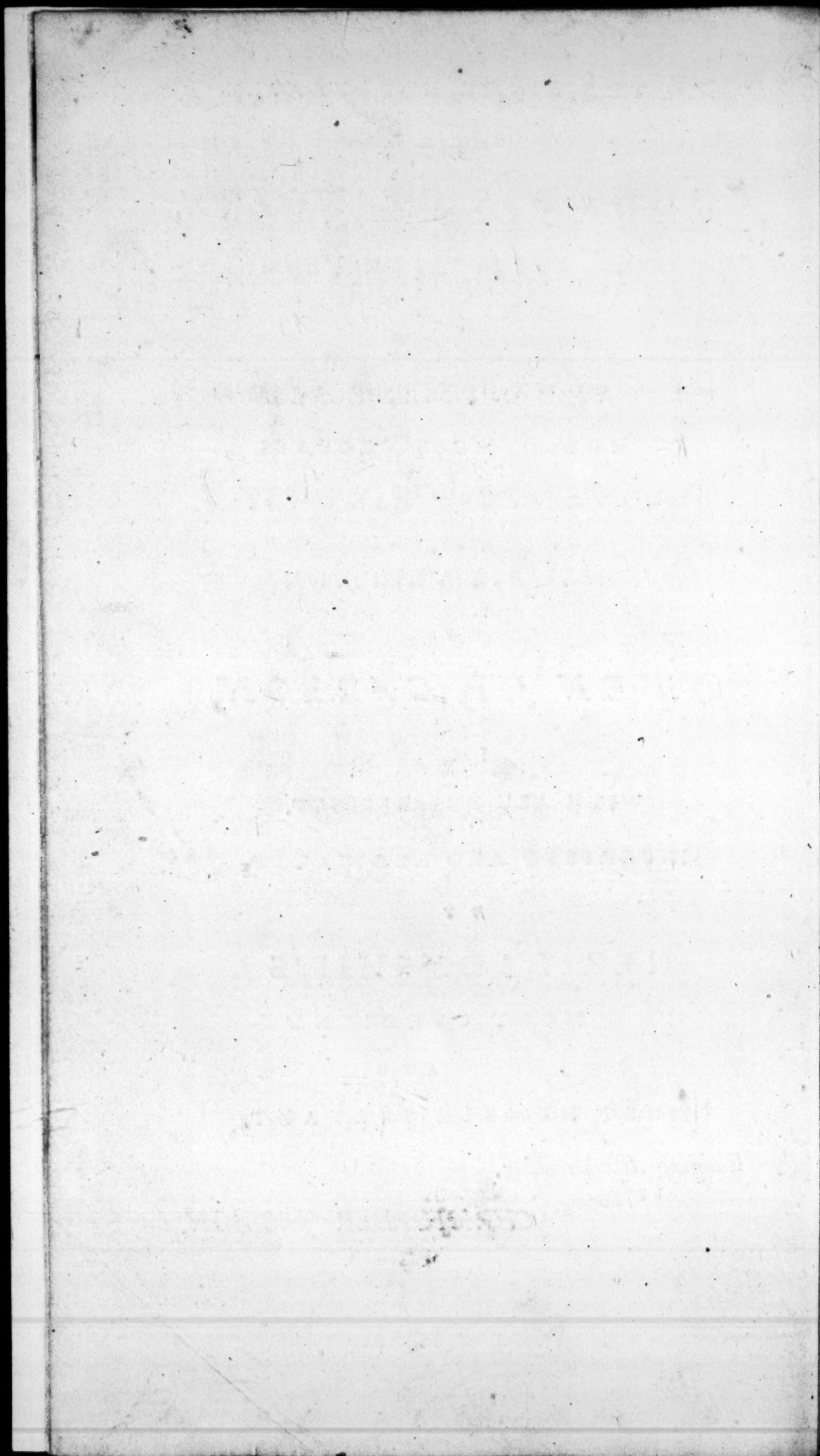
IS,
WITH ALL DUE RESPECT,
INSCRIBED AND DEDICATED,
BY

HER LADYSHIP'S
MOST OBEDIENT

AND
MOST HUMBLE SERVANT,

Dublin, 16th December,
1779.

CHRISTOPHER JACKSON.



S O N N E T,
A D D R E S S E D T O A L A D Y,
W I T H
O W E N O F C A R R O N,
A P O E M.

I.

— —, to thee hath liberal Nature giv'n
Fancy's bright ray, with Beauty's charms combin'd;
And ev'ry attribute which favouring heav'n
Gives to ennoble and adorn the mind.

II.

If e'er, for suff'ring excellence, thy heart
Hath heav'd th' enanguish'd sigh, or prompt'd the tear;
To OWEN's fate the tribute due impart,
And to thy kindred soul fair ELLEN's woes endear.

III.

When to Love's UNIVERSAL power YOU bow,
May your best, tend'rest wish, the Youth approve;
Propitious stars confirm the mutual vow, ,
And ELLEN's beauty crown NITHISDALE's
love.

M. DCC. LXXIX,

SONNET
 ADDRESSED TO A LADY
 WITH
 OWEN OF CARRON
 A POEM.

I.

— to thee with liberal Nature given
 Fancy's brightest, wit Beauty's charms combining
 And every attribute which favouring heaven
 Gives to enable and adorn the mind.

II.

It is, for lasting excellence, thy heart
 Hath heav'd with courage, light, or prompt the tear
 To OWEN's fate the tribute due impart,
 And to thy kindred soul fair ELLEN's woes endear.

III.

When to Love's universal power YOU bow,
 May your best, tenderest wish, the Youth approve,
 Propitious stars combine a mutual vow,
 And ELLEN's beauty crown WITHISDALE's
 love.

To the AUTHOR of
OWEN OF CARRON.

Written in London on its first Publication,

A LYRIC ODE.

BY WILLIAM HOLLAND.

— *de l'amour la sensible peinture,
Est pour aller au cœur la route la plus sûre.*

BOILEAU.

BRIGHT, as Aurora's vivid Eye,
When purple Smiles adorn the Sky,
And Phæbus rides serene !
As bright ! as splendid were the Hours !
Thy Genius raised her magic Pow'rs !
To consecrate the Scene.

Dear Harmonist of MARLIVALE !
Whose Lays—in OWEN's plaintive Tale,
The feeling Lover charms !
Sweet Pity shall thy Toil requite,
She'll give thy Numbers new Delight,
While Beauty — fills her Arms !

Full oft her peerless Tears shall flow,
When thou—sad Harbinger of Woe—
Elysian Vigils cheer ;
Full oft to Time's remotest Date,
The tender Tale she'll oft repeat,
And hold it ever dear.

ADVERTISEMENT,

To the First Edition.

THERE is something Romantic in the Story of the following POEM ; but the Author has his Reasons for believing that there is something, likewise, authentic. On the simple Circumstances of the ancient Narrative, from which He first borrowed his Idea, those Reasons are principally founded, and they are supported by others, with which, in a Work of this Kind, to trouble his Readers would be superfluous,

O W E N
O F
C A R R O N.

ON CARRON'S side the primrose pale;
Why does it wear a purple hue?
Ye maidens fair of MARLIVALE,
Why streams your eyes with pity's dew?
'Tis all with gentle OWEN'S blood
That purple grows the primrose pale;
That pity pours the tender flood
From each fair eye in MARLIVALE.

B

The

The evening star fate in his eye,
 The sun his golden tresses gave,
 The north's pure morn her orient dye,
 To him who rests in yonder grave!

Beneath no high, historic stone,
 Tho' nobly born, is OWEN laid,
 Stretch'd on the green wood's lap alone,
 He sleeps beneath the waving shade.

There many a flowery race hath sprung,
 And fled before the mountain gale,
 Since first his simple dirge ye sung;
 Ye maidens fair of MARLIVALE!

Yet still, when MAY with fragrant feet
 Hath wander'd o'er your meads of gold,
 That Dirge I hear so simply sweet
 Far echoed from each evening fold.

II. 'Twas



II.

'Twas in the pride of WILLIAM'S * day,
 When Scotland's honours flourished still,
 That Moray's Earl with mighty sway,
 Bore rule o'er many a Highland hill.

And far for him their fruitful store

The fairest plains of Carron spread;
 In fortune rich, in offspring poor,
 An only daughter crown'd his bed.

Oh! write not poor—the wealth that flows
 In waves of gold round India's throne,
 All in her shining breast that glows,
 To Ellen's† charms, were earth and stone.

B 2

For

* William the Lyon, King of Scotland.

† The Lady Ellen, only daughter of John Earl of Moray, betrothed to the Earl of Nithisdale, and afterwards

For her the Youth of Scotland figh'd,
 The Frenchman gay, the Spaniard grave;
 And smoother Italy applied,
 And many an English Baron brave.

In vain by foreign arts assail'd,
 No foreign loves her breast beguile;
 And England's honest valour fail'd,
 Paid with a cold, but courteous smile.

“ Ah! woe to thee, young Nithisdale,
 “ That o'er thy cheek those roses stray'd;
 “ Thy breath, the violet of the vale,
 “ Thy voice, the music of the shade!

terwards to the Earl Barnard, was esteemed one
 of the finest women in Europe, insomuch that she
 had several suitors and admirers from foreign
 Courts.

“ Ah!

“ Ah! woe to thee, that Ellen’s love
 “ Alone to thy soft tale would yield!
 “ For soon those gentle arms shall prove
 “ The conflict of a ruder field.”

’Twas thus a wayward sister spoke,
 And cast a rueful glance behind,
 As from her dimwood glen she broke,
 And mounted on the moaning wind.

She spoke and vanish’d—more unmov’d
 Than Moray’s rocks, when storms invest,
 The valiant youth by Ellen lov’d
 With aught that fear, or fate suggest.

For love, methinks, hath power to raise
 The soul beyond a vulgar state;
 Th’ unconquer’d banners he displays
 Control our fears, and fix our fate.

III. ’Twas

III.

'Twas when, on Summer's softest eve,
 Of clouds that wander'd west away,
 Twilight with gentle hand did weave
 Her fairy robe of night and day.

When all the mountain gales were still,
 And the wave slept against the shore,
 And the sun, sunk beneath the hill,
 Left his last smile on Lemmermore*.

Led by those waking dreams of thought
 That warm the young unpractis'd breast,
 Her wonted bower sweet Ellen sought,
 And Carron murmur'd near, and sooth'd
 her into rest.

* A chain of mountains running through Scotland
 from East to West.

IV. There

IV.

There is some kind and courtly sprite
 That o'er the realm of fancy reigns,
 Throws sunshine on the mask of night,
 And smiles at slumber's powerless chains;

'Tis told, and I believe the tale,
 At this soft hour the sprite was there,
 And spread with fairer flowers the vale,
 And fill'd with sweeter sounds the air.

A bower he fram'd (for he could frame
 What long might weary mortal wight :
 Swift as the lightning's rapid flame
 Darts on the unsuspecting sight).

Such bower he fram'd with magic hand,
 As well that wizard bard hath wove,
 In scenes where fair Armida's Wand
 Wav'd all the witcheries of love.

Yet

Yet was it wrought in simple shew ;
 Nor Indian mines nor orient shores
 Had lent their glories here to glow,
 Or yielded here their shining stores.

All round a poplar's trembling arms
 The wild rose wound her damask flower ;
 The woodbine lent her spicy charms,
 That loves to weave the lover's bower.

The ash that courts the mountain-air,
 In all her painted blooms array'd,
 The wilding's blossom blushing fair,
 Combin'd to form the flowery shade.

With thyme that loves the brown hill's breast,
 The cowslip's sweet, reclining head,
 The violet of sky-woven vest,
 Was all the Fairy-ground bespread.

But

But, who is he, whose locks so fair
 Adown his manly shoulders flow;
 Beside him lies the hunter's spear,
 Beside him sleeps the warrior's bow.

He bends to Ellen—(gentle sprite!
 Thy sweet seductive arts forbear)
 He courts her arms with fond delight,
 And instant vanishes in air.

V.

Hast thou not found at early dawn
 Some soft ideas melt away,
 If o'er sweet vale, or flowery lawn,
 The sprite of dreams hath bid thee stray?

Hast thou not some fair object seen,
 And, when the fleeting form was past,
 Still on thy memory found its mien,
 And felt the fond idea last?

Thou

Thou hast—and oft the pictur'd view,
 Seen in some vision counted vain,
 Has struck thy wondering eye anew,
 And brought the long lost dream again.

With warrior's bow, with hunter's spear,
 With locks adown his shoulder spread,
 Young Nithisdale is ranging near—
 He's ranging near yon mountain's head.

Scarce had one pale moon pass'd away,
 And fill'd her silver urn again,
 When in the devious chace to stray,
 Afar from all his woodland train,

To Carron's banks his fate consign'd,
 And, all to shun the fervid hour,
 He sought some friendly shade to find,
 And found the visionary bower.

VI.

Led by the golden star of love,
 Sweet Ellen took her wonted way,
 And in the deep-defending Grove
 Sought refuge from the fervid day—

Oh!—who is he whose ringlets fair
 Disorder'd o'er his green vest flow,
 Reclin'd in rest——whose funny hair
 Half hides the fair cheek's ardent glow?

'Tis he, that sprite's illusive guest,
 (Ah me! that sprites can fate control!)
 That lives still imag'd on her breast,
 That lives still pictur'd in her soul.

As when some gentle spirit fled
 From earth to breathe Elysian air,
 And, in the train whom we call dead,
 Perceives its long-lov'd partner there;

Soft,

Soft, sudden pleasure rushes o'er,
 Resileless, o'er its airy frame,
 To find it's future fate restore
 The object of its former flame.

So Ellen stood—less power to move
 Had he, who bound in slumber's chain,
 Seem'd haply o'er his hill to rove,
 And wind his woodland chace again.

She stood, but trembled—mingled fear,
 And fond delight and melting love
 Seiz'd all her soul; she came not near,
 She came not near that fated grove.

She strives to fly—from wizzard's wand
 As well might powerless captive fly—
 The new cropt flower falls from her hand—
 Ah! fall not with that flower to die.

VII. Haft

VII.

Haft thou not seen some azure gleam
 Smile in the morning's orient eye,
 And skirt the reddening cloud's soft beam
 What time the sun was hasting nigh?

Thou hast——and thou canst fancy well
 As any muse that meets thine ear,
 The soul-set eye of Nithisdale,
 When wak'd, it fix'd on Ellen near.

Silent they gaz'd——that silence broke;
 ' Hail Goddess of these groves, he cry'd,
 ' O let me wear thy gentle yoke!
 O let me in thy service bide!

' For thee I'll climb the mountain steep,
 ' Unwearied chase the destin'd prey,
 ' For thee I'll pierce the wild-wood deep,
 ' And part the sprays that vex thy way,'

For

For thee——‘ O stranger, cease,’ she said,
 And swift away, like Daphne, flew,
 But Daphne’s flight was not delay’d
 By aught that to her bosom grew.

’Twas Atalanta’s golden fruit,
 The fond idea that confin’d
 Fair Ellen’s steps, and bless’d his suit,
 Who was not far, not far behind.

VIII.

O love ! within those golden vales,
 Those genial airs where thou wast born,
 Where nature, listening thy soft tales,
 Leans on the rosy breast of morn.

Where the sweet Smiles, the Graces dwell,
 And tender sighs the heart emove,
 In silent eloquence to tell
 Thy tale, O soul subduing love !

Ah !

Ah! wherefore should grim rage be nigh,
 And dark distrust, with changeful face,
 And jealousy's reverted eye
 Be near thy fair, thy favour'd place?

IX.

Earl Barnard was of high degree
 And Lord of many a Lowland Hind.
 And long for Ellen love had he,
 Had love, but not of gentle kind.

From Moray's Halls her absent hour
 He watch'd with all a Miser's care :
 The wide Domain, the princely Dower
 Made Ellen more than Ellen fair.

Ah wretch! to think the liberal soul
 May thus with fair affection part!
 Though Lothian's vales thy sway controul,
 Know, Lothian is not worth one heart.

Studious

Studious he marks her absent hour,
 And winding far where Carron flows,
 Sudden he sees the fated bower,
 And red rage on his dark brow glows.

For who is he?—'tis Nithisdale!
 And that fair form with arm reclin'd
 On his?—'tis Ellen of the vale,
 'Tis She, (O powers of vengeance!) kind.

Should he that vengeance swift pursue?
 No—that would all his hopes destroy;
 Moray would vanish from his view,
 And rob him of a Miser's joy.

Unseen to Moray's halls he hies—
 He calls his slaves, his ruffian band,
 'And, haste to yonder groves,' he cries,
 'And ambush'd lie by Carron's strand.'
 'What

‘ What time ye mark from bower or glen

‘ A gentle lady take her way

‘ To distance due, and far from ken,

‘ Allow her length of time to stray.

‘ Then ranfack straight that range of groves,

‘ With hunter’s spear, and vest of green,

‘ If chance, a rosy stripling roves,—

‘ Ye well can aim your arrows keen.’

And now the ruffian slaves are nigh,

And Ellen takes her homeward way :

Though stay’d by many a tender sigh,

She can no longer, longer stay.

Pensive, against yon poplar pale

The lover leans his gentle heart,

Revolving many a tender tale,

And wondering still how they could part.

Three arrows pierc'd the desert air,
 Ere yet his tender dreams depart ;
 And one struck deep his forehead fair,
 And one went through his gentle heart.

Love's waking dream is lost in sleep—
 He lies beneath yon poplar pale ;
 Ah ! could we marvel ye should weep ;
 Ye maidens fair of Marlivale !

X.

When all the mountain gales were still,
 And the wave slept against the shore,
 And the sun, sunk beneath the hill,
 Left his last smile on Lemmermore ;

Sweet Ellen takes her wonted way
 Along the fairy-featur'd vale :
 Bright o'er his wave does Carron play,
 And soon she'll meet her Nithisdale.

She'll

She'll meet him soon—for at her sight
 Swift as the mountain deer he sped ;
 The evening shades will sink in night,—
 Where art thou, loitering lover, fled ?

O! She will chide thy trifling stay,
 E'en now the soft reproach she frames :
 ' Can lovers brook such long delay ?
 ' Lovers that boast of ardent flames !'

He comes not—weary with the chase,
 Soft slumbers o'er his eye-lids throws
 Her veil—we'll steal one dear embrace,
 We'll gently steal on his repose.

This is the bower—we'll softly tread—
 He sleeps beneath yon poplar pale—
 Lover, if e'er thy heart has bled,
 Thy heart will far forego my tale !

XI.

Ellen is not in princely bower,
 She's not in Moray's splendid train ;
 Their mistress dear at midnight hour,
 Her weeping maidens seek in vain.

Her pillow swells not deep with down ;
 For her no balms their sweets exhale :
 Her limbs are on the pale turf thrown,
 Press'd by her lovely cheek as pale.

On that fair cheek, that flowing hair,
 The broom its yellow leaf hath shed,
 And the chill mountain's early air
 Blows wildly o'er her beauteous head.

As the soft star of orient day,
 When clouds involve his rosy light,
 Darts thro' the gloom a transient ray,
 And leaves the world once more to night.

Returning

Returning life illumines her eye,

And slow it's languid orb unfolds—

What are those bloody arrows nigh ?

Sure, bloody arrows she beholds !

What was that form so ghastly pale,

That low beneath the poplar lay ?

'Twas some poor Youth—' Ah Nithisdale !'

She said, and silent sunk away.

XII.

The morn is on the mountains spread,

The wood-lark trills his liquid strain—

Can morn's sweet music raise the dead ?

Give the set eye it's soul again ?

A shepherd of that gentler mind

Which nature not profusely yields,

Seeks in these lonely shades to find

Some wanderer from his little fields,

Aghast

Aghast he stands—and simple fear
 O'er all his paly visage glides—
 ‘ Ah me, what means this misery here ?
 ‘ What fate this lady fair betides ?’

He bears her to his friendly home,
 When life he finds has but retir'd ;—
 With haste he frames the lover's tomb,
 For his is quite, is quite expir'd !

XIII.

‘ O hide me in thy humble Bower’
 Returning late to life she said ;
 ‘ I'll bind thy crook with many a flower ;
 ‘ With many a rosy wreath thy head.

‘ Good shepherd, haste to yonder grove,
 ‘ And, if my love asleep is laid,
 ‘ Oh ! wake him not ; but softly move
 ‘ Some pillow to that gentle head.

‘ Sure

‘ Sure thou wilt know him, shepherd swain,
 ‘ Thou know’st the sun rise o’er the sea—
 ‘ But oh! no lamb in all thy train
 ‘ Was e’er so mild, so mild as he.’

‘ His head is on the wood-moss laid;
 ‘ I did not wake his slumber deep—
 ‘ Sweet sings the redbreast o’er the shade—
 ‘ Why, gentle lady, would you weep?’

As flowers that fade in burning day,
 At evening find the dew-drop dear,
 But fiercer feel the noon-tide ray,
 When soften’d by the nightly tear;

Returning in the flowing tear,
 This lovely flower, more sweet than they,
 Found her fair soul, and, wandering near,
 The stranger, Reason, cross’d her way.

Found

Found her fair soul—Ah! so to find
 Was but more dreadful grief to know!
 Ah! fure, the privilege of mind
 Can not be worth the wish of woe.

XIV.

On melancholy's silent urn
 A softer shade of sorrow falls,
 But Ellen can no more return,
 No more return to Moray's Halls.

Beneath the low and lonely shade
 The slow consuming hour she'll weep,
 Till nature seeks her last-left aid,
 In the sad, sombrous arms of sleep.

' These jewels, all unmeet for me,
 ' Shalt thou,' she said, ' good shepherd take;
 ' These gems will purchase gold for thee,
 ' And these be thine for Ellen's sake.

' So

‘ So fail thou not, at eve and morn,
 ‘ The rosemary’s pale bough to bring—
 ‘ Thou know’st where I was found forlorn—
 ‘ Where thou hast heard the redbreast sing.

‘ Heedful I’ll tend thy flocks the while,
 ‘ Or aid thy shepherds’s care,
 ‘ For I will share her humble toil,
 ‘ And I her friendly roof will share.’

XV.

And now two longsome years are past
 In luxury of lonely pain—
 The lovely mourner, found at last,
 To Moray’s Halls is borne again.

Yet has she left one object dear,
 That wears Love’s sunny eye of joy—
 Is Nithisdale reviving here?
 Or is it but a shepherd’s boy.

By

By Carron's side, a shepherd's boy,
 He binds his vale flowers with the reed ;
 He wears love's sunny heart of joy,
 And birth he little seems to heed.

XVI.

But ah ! no more his infant sleep
 Closes beneath a mother's smile,
 Who, only when it clos'd would weep,
 And yield to tender woe the while.

No more, with fond attention dear,
 She seeks th' unspoken wish to find ;
 No more shall she, with pleasure's tear,
 See the soul waxing into mind.

XVII.

Does nature bear a tyrant's breast ?
 Is she the friend of stern controul ?
 Wears she the despot's purple vest ?
 Or fetters she the free-born soul ?

Where,

Where, worst of tyrants, is thy claim
 In chains thy childrens' breasts to bind ?
 Gav'st thou the promethean flame ?
 The incommunicable mind ?

Thy offspring are great Nature's—free,
 And of her fair dominion heirs ;
 Each privilege she gives to thee ;
 Know, that each privilege is theirs.

They have thy fortune, wear thine eye,
 Perhaps some feelings of thy heart ;
 And wilt thou their lov'd hearts deny
 To act their fair, their proper part ?

XVIII.

The Lord of Lothian's fertile vale,
 Ill fated Ellen, claims thy hand ;
 Thou know'st not that thy Nithisdale
 Was low laid by his ruffian band.

And

And Moray with unfather'd eyes,
 Fix'd on fair Lothian's fertile dale,
 Attends his human sacrifice,
 Without the Grecian painter's veil.

O married love ! thy bard shall own,
 Where two congenial souls unite,
 Thy golden chain inlaid with down,
 Thy lamp with heaven's own splendor
 bright.

But if no radiant star of love
 O hymen ! smile on thy fair rite,
 Thy chain a wretched weight shall prove,
 Thy lamp a sad sepulchral light.

XIX.

And now has time's slow wandering wing
 Borne many a year unmark'd with speed—
 Where is the boy, by Carron's spring,
 Who bound his vale-flowers with the reed?

Ah

Ah me! those flowers he binds no more ;
 No early charm returns again ;
 The parent, nature keeps in store
 Her best joys for her little train.

No longer heed the sun-beam bright
 That plays on Carron's breast he can,
 Reason has lent Her quivering light,
 And shewn the checquer'd field of man.

XX.

As the first human heir of earth
 With pensive eye himself survey'd,
 And, all unconscious of his birth,
 Sate thoughtful oft in Eden's shade ;

In pensive thought so Owen stray'd
 Wild Carron's lonely woods among,
 And once, within their greenest Glade,
 He fondly fram'd this simple song :

XXI. Why

XXI.

Why is this crook adorn'd with gold ?

Why am I tales of ladies told ?

Why does no labour me employ,

If I am but a shepherd's boy ?

A filken vest like mine so green

In shepherd's hut I have not seen—

Why should I in such vesture joy,

If I am but a shepherd's boy ?

I know it is no shepherd's art

His written meaning to impart—

They teach me, sure, an idle toy,

If I am but a shepherd's boy.

This bracelet bright that binds my arm—

It could not come from shepherd's farm ;

It only would that arm annoy,

If I were but a shepherd's boy.

And,

And, O thou silent picture fair,
That lov'dst to smile upon me there,
O say, and fill my heart with joy,
That I am not a shepherd's boy.

XXII.

Ah lovely youth! thy tender lay
May not thy gentle life prolong :
See'st thou yon nightingale a prey ?
The fierce hawk hovering o'er his song ?

His little heart is large with love ;
He sweetly hails his evening star,
And Fate's more pointed arrows move,
Insidious, from his eye afar.

XXIII.

The shepherdess, whose kindly care
Had watch'd o'er Owen's infant breath,
Must now their silent mansions share,
Whom time leads calmly down to death.

‘ O tell

' O tell me parent if thou art,
 ' What is this lovely picture dear ?
 ' Why wounds its mournful eye my heart,
 ' Why flows from mine th' unbidden tear ?

' Ah ! youth ! to leave thee loth am I,
 ' Tho' I be not thy parent dear ;
 ' And would'st thou wish, or ere I die,
 ' The story of thy birth to hear ?

' But it will make thee much bewail,
 ' And it will make thy fair eye swell—'
 She said, and told the woesome tale,
 As sooth as shepherdes might tell.

XXIV.

The heart that sorrow doom'd to shate,
 Has worn the frequent seal of woe,
 Its sad impressions learns to bear,
 And finds full oft, its ruin flow.

But

But when that seal is first imprest,
 When the young heart its pain shall try,
 From the soft, yielding, trembling breast,
 Oft seems the startled soul to fly.

Yet fled not Owen's—wild amaze
 In paleness cloath'd, and lifted hands,
 And horrors dread, unmeaning gaze,
 Mark the poor statue, as it stands.

The simple guardian of his life
 Look'd wistful for the tear to glide ;
 But when she saw his tearless strife,
 Silent, she lent him one,—and died.

XXV.

' No, I am not a shepherd's boy,'
 Awakening from his dream, he said,
 ' Ah where is now the promis'd joy
 ' Of this ?——for ever, ever fled !

D

' O picture

‘ O picture dear ! for her lov’d sake
 ‘ How fondly could my heart bewail!
 ‘ My friendly shepherdeſs, O wake,
 ‘ And tell me more of this ſad tale.

‘ O tell me more of this ſad tale——
 ‘ No ; thou enjoy thy gentle ſleep !
 ‘ And I will go to Lothian’s vale,
 ‘ And more than all her waters weep.’

XXVI.

Owen to Lothian’s vale is fled—
 Earl Barnard’s lofty towers appear—
 ‘ O ! art thou there,’ the full heart ſaid,
 ‘ O ! art thou there, my parent dear !’

Yes, ſhe is there : From idle ſtate
 Oft has ſhe ſtole her hour to weep ;
 Think how ſhe ‘ by thy cradle ſate,’
 And how ſhe ‘ fondly ſaw thee ſleep*.’

* See the ancient *Scottiſh* Ballad, called *Gill Morrice*

Now tries his trembling hand to frame
 Full many a tender line of love ;
 And still he blots the parent's name,
 For that, he fears, might fatal prove.

XXVII.

O'er a fair fountain's smiling side
 Reclin'd a dim tower, clad with moss,
 Where every bird was wont to bide,
 That languish'd for its partner's loss.

This scene he chose, this scene assign'd
 A parent's first embrace to wait,
 And many a soft fear fill'd his mind,
 Anxious for his fond Letter's fate.

The hand that bore those lines of love,
 The well-informing bracelet bore—
 Ah! may they not unprosperous prove!
 Ah! safely pass yon dangerous door!

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

‘ She comes not ;—can she then delay ?
 ‘ Cried the fair youth, and dropt a tear—
 ‘ Whatever filial love could say,
 ‘ To her I said, and call’d her dear.

 ‘ She comes—Oh ! No—encircled round
 ‘ ’Tis some rude chief with many a spear.
 ‘ My hapless tale that Earl has found—
 ‘ Ah me ! my heart ! for her I fear.’

His tender tale that Earl had read,
 Or ere it reach’d his lady’s eye,
 His dark brow wears a cloud of red,
 In rage he deems a rival nigh.

XXIX.

’Tis o’er—those locks that wav’d in gold,
 That wav’d adown those cheeks so fair,
 Wreath’d in the gloomy tyrant’s hold,
 Hang from the fever’d head in air.

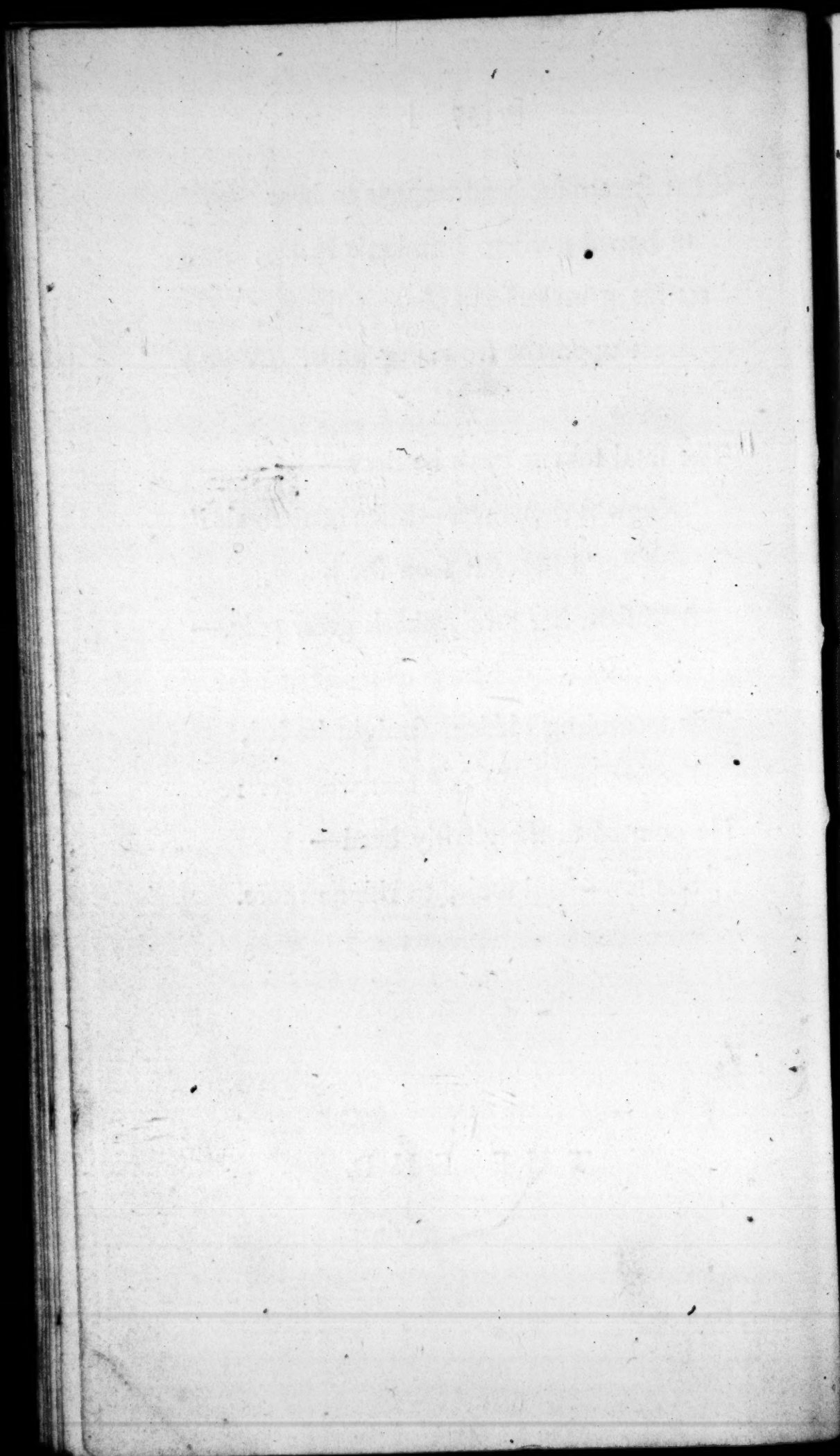
That

That streaming head he joys to bear
 In horrid guise to Lothian's Halls ;
 Bids his grim ruffians place it there,
 Erect upon the frowning walls.

The fatal tokens forth he drew——
 ‘ Know’st thou these—Ellen of the vale ?’
 The pictur’d bracelet soon she knew,
 And soon her lovely cheek grew pale.—

The trembling victim, straight he led,
 Ere yet her soul’s first fear was o’er :
 He pointed to the ghastly head—
 She saw—and sunk, to rise no more.

THE END.



The young GENTLEMAN who is the Subject of the following Lines, had scarcely come of Age, possessed of a large Fortune, when he was taken off in one Day's Illness, by an Inflammation in his Bowels, at the Distance of an hundred Miles from his Friends. The Sister, who is supposed to speak the Monody, was the next to him in Age, and the favourite Companion of his Life. She remains a Proof that Fortune cannot wear away Affliction, nor the Grave remove the Memory of a Brother, who is still " dear as the ruddy Drops that visit her sad heart !"

M O N O D Y,

On the Death of JOHN VESEY, Esq.

By Mr. E. NOLAN.

IN the lone Church-yard, by yon mouldering Pile, sat the dejected LAURA ; loose flowed her Hair upon her troubled Breast, and mournful sigh'd the Wind that wav'd it on her Bosom. Wrapt in the sable Livery of Death, was *Laura* mourning on the clay-cold Bed, where buried lay her Brother LYCIDAS : Her grief-swoln Eyes were red as Meteors in a Mist, when the grey Evening sheds her dewy Sorrows for the departed Beauties of the Morn ; and from their teeming Fountains, on the new-raised Mould, her silent-pacing Tears did follow one another : Nor blossom'd on her Check the
Rose's

Rose's Blush, nor crimson'd on her Lip the glowing
 Bloom which ripens in the Cherry ; but pale and
 melancholy as the waning Moon, when she looks
 sickly on the stream, slow-winding thro' the Val-
 ley ; she mourn'd her *Lycidas* ; ye dreary Vaults !
 ye echoed to the Sound of *Laura* mourning for her
Lycidas !

THE Bloom of Love shall ne'er again
 Triumphant to that Cheek return !
 For Hope, my *Lycidas* ! in vain
 Smil'd on thy Birth, in Life's gay Morn.

In vain the Mother's only Boy
 Bade her raptur'd Eye be blest :
 And vainly did the Tide of Joy
 Warm the fondest Sister's Breast !

No Mother, *Lycidas* ! was nigh,
 The parting Kifs in Death to seal !
 No Sister to receive the Sigh,
 That bade the World, and her farewell !

Nor strewing Flow'rs round thy Bier,
 Did all the youthful Graces pour !
 Nor dropp'd for *Lycidas* a Tear,
 The Daughters of the Western Shore !

Far

Far from thy Mother's raptur'd eye,
Far from thy Sister's tender Breast ;
Strangers receiv'd thy parting Sigh,
And smooth'd thy beauteous Form to rest !

And far from *Corrib's* flow'ry Side,
Death all the Pride of *Corrib* bore !
Far from your longing View he died,
Ye Daughters of the Western Shore !

Dear, lost Companion ! cou'd these Sighs
Awake lone Echo from her Cell,
She'd fondly bear thee to the Skies,
The Sorrows in my Breast that dwell !

There, if amid the Sun's gay Noon,
You wander with its golden Beam ;
Or catch the silver-footed Moon,
Light skimming o'er the curling Stream :

O ! let thy gentle Spirit see
(Gliding beneath the Moon's pale Horn)
Sylvanus drop the Tear for thee,
And all his weeping *Dryads* mourn :

Round thee his *Sylvan-trippers* lead,
Soon as the Evening Shades return ;
And chace from off thy hallow'd Bed
The pale-eyed Spectres of the Bourne.

For, *Lycidas* ! around thy Grave,
 The Beauties of the Spring shall grow ;
 And Summer all her Roses leave,
 And bid their spicy Fragrance blow.

The Snow-drop, as thy Bosom pure,
 Shall planted with the Vi'let be ;
 And fond *Narcissus*—vain no more,
 Forget himself in loving thee.

And, faithful as the Year's Return,
 I'll often trim his flow'ry Bed,
 Till wrapt within the Kindred Urn,
 This Form with *Lycidas* is laid.

O D E ;

On the Death of Doctor MACBRIDE.

By the Same.

THE Hope of weeping Friends is past,
 The anxious, kind Enquiry o'er ;
 And the dread Knell of Death, at last,
 Proclaims MACBRIDE to be no more !

Lo ! pensive o'er his sable Bier,
 Philosophy, by Sorrow led !
 The Stoic drops the Iron Tear
 Which ev'n Philosophy must shed :

And Science, 'mid the mazy Round
 Of all her endless Systems stands :
 She feels a more than Parent's Wound,
 And wrings, in vain a Mother's Hands !

With mad'ning Look, and bloated Mien,
 They view relentless *Febris* nigh ;
 The pestilential Hag is seen,
 To blast where'er she turns her Eye !

In vain she heard the Orphan's Cries,
 In vain she heard the Widow's Pray'rs ;
 Nor Widow's Pray'rs, nor Orphan's Sighs,
 Demands she—but a Nation's Tears.

“ 'Tis thine,” *Hibernia* weeping said,
 And drop'd the Tear upon his Urn :
 “ For, tho' his Flame of Life be fled,
 “ His Virtues shall the brighter burn.

“ The Mariner beneath the Pole,
 “ Where Winter holds his dread Domain,
 “ Impress'd with Gratitude of Soul,
 “ From him the Source of Health * shall gain.

* Cooke, in his last Circumnavigation, lost not one Man
 by the Scurvy, which he attributes to the antiseptic Qua-
 lity of Dr. MACBRIDE's Invention of Wort for Seamen.

" For, wide to his pervading Mind,
 " The Map of Nature was unfurl'd—
 " And all the hidden * Springs which bind,
 " The various Atoms of a World.

" Nor less Humanity's soft Eye,
 " The Feelings of his Heart express'd,
 " Nor e'er did Pity heave a Sigh,
 " That stole along a gentler Breast."

Still, o'er the Sod, where he is laid,
 Shall Friendship ev'ry Sigh return,
 And Truth be grateful to his Shade,
 While Time renews the Birth of Morn.

* Vide, his Principles of fixed Air.

F I N I S.



